Riki's Birthday

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Category: Ai no Kusabi
Genre: M/M
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2015-04-26
Updated: 2015-04-26
Packaged: 2018-03-25 19:04:34
Rating: Mature
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 4,731
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Story URL: https://archiveofourown.org/works/3821431
Author URL: https://archiveofourown.org/users/AnimeFaeMoon/pseuds/AnimeFaeMoon
Summary: <blockquote class="userstuff">
Iason had plans for Riki's birthday- ONE SHOT
</blockquote>

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Author's Note:

> Story that came to me after going celebrating a friend's birthday. MATURE AND GRAPHIC SCENS- DO NOT READ IF THIS OFFENDS YOU OR YOU ARE UNDER THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN. I Hope you enjoy and I will try and get more on Learning to Forgive up soon.

Iason entered his apartment and handed his cloak to Cal, who appeared beside him instantly. He really had to admit this boy was the best Furniture he had ever had. Hopefully he would never be the disappointment that Darryl was.

“Where is he?”

“Sleeping, Sir,” Cal advised quietly; Iason had given him permission to leave out calling him Master when they were at home, and Cal was quite proud at being given such an opportunity. “His mood has been somewhat melancholy today.” He indicated the shopping bag in the Blondie’s hand. “Shall I put that away for you, Sir?”

“No.” Iason stepped down into the massive living area. “Have you already prepared this evening’s dinner?”

“Yes.”

“Put it away until tomorrow, Riki and I shall be eating out this evening.”

Cal nodded, and did not complain about the short notice. Often his Master made

changes on a whim and never apologized for them. After all, he was the number one Elite, so there was never any need for him to apologize.

Iason walked over to the Inter-Room portal and transported to his room on the upper level, then frowned when he did not see his pet on the bed. Surely he wasn't sleeping in his old room? Riki had not bothered to use that room since he had returned from Ceres. Moving back to the portal, he stepped into the Lower Level Pet room a second later and saw his beautiful mongrel curled on his side, sleeping soundly.

He sat down on the bed, set the bag beside it and reached a gloved hand to stroke Riki's cheek. "Riki?"

Riki's eyes flickered open, responding to Iason's voice as he had been trained to do. "Hmmm?" He blinked drowsily, then slowly sat up. "You're back."

"I am. Are you not feeling well, pet?"

Riki ran his hand over his face. "No. I feel okay, just tired."

"How much have you slept today?"

Riki shrugged. What did it matter how much he slept? It wasn't as if there was anything else to do in this damned place.

"Why are you in here and not in our room?"

Again Riki shrugged.

"Well." Iason curled his hand around Riki's neck and pulled him closer. "Where is my kiss, pet?"

Riki allowed himself to be kissed, tried to ignore the spike of desire it caused and kept his gaze on a hanging decoration on the wall, until it was over. He wondered what Guy and the other guys from Bisson were doing. He wondered when Iason would get tired of him and throw him away. He wondered what Cal was making for dinner.

Iason pulled back and regarded Riki quietly, wishing he understood what went on in that defiant mongrel brain. He reached into the bag at his feet and pulled out a wrapped package. "Perhaps this will help you stay awake for awhile."

Riki stared at the small flat box that Iason had set on his lap. "What is it?"

"Open it."

Riki tried not to sigh and pulled the ribbon away, then the colorful paper. He retrieved the data pad, then looked blankly at Iason. "I don't get it."

"It's a CP483. A device that allows you to create your own computer programs within a virtual CP environment."

"I know _what_ it is," Riki retorted, he wasn't stupid. He'd only seen one once before, when he was working for Katze. It had been part of a very secure and secret shipment. They were rare and hard to find, and probably worth more than what a small city could pay annually in power rights. "What do you expect me to do with it?"

"Whatever you like." Iason rose. "You have a talent for programming, so play around

with it, see what you can come up with. It has all the latest tools, as well as an archival program for antiquated programming that you might be able to reconfigure into something new."

Riki stared at the data pad, couldn't deny the tingle of excitement that rose within him at the idea of building his own programs. Did Iason not understand how dangerous something like this was in his hands? He could easily upload a major virus into Tanagura systems, re route power to other cities, change codes and pet registrations.

"I am aware how talented you are, pet," Iason said, as if guessing Riki's thoughts. "And how petulant and devious you can be, so you will only be able to access your programs through the CP Virtual Environment." Iason idly pulled open a closet door where an assortment of 'pet' clothing hung. Riki never wore any of these outfits unless he was forced to, preferring his black jeans, T-shirt and jacket when he was at home. "You need some new clothes."

Riki scoffed, why would he need more clothes? It wasn't as if he ever went anywhere. He avoided the Pet Salons unless it was absolutely necessary and Cal bought him cigarettes. Iason occasionally accepted an invitation to a party, but that was to keep Orphe off their backs, and other than that they were always here in the apartment.

Unable to stop himself, he turned on the data pad and started looking through the menus.

Iason pulled out a dark blue shirt from the very back of the closet, held it up. It was a full shirt, instead of the half shirts that most pets wore, sleeveless, and was made of thin, soft material.

"Put this on."

Riki glanced up in time to catch the shirt that Iason had tossed at him. He set the data pad down and peeled off his T-Shirt to replace it with the blue one. "Are we going somewhere?" he asked as Iason also tossed him a pair of tight, dark leather pants. It couldn't be to a 'Pet Party' as these clothes were on the conservative side for that.

"Yes." Iason turned and watched his pet dress with a feeling of satisfaction and nodded at the outfit. "You may wear your jacket over it if you wish."He caught Riki's hand. "Come."

Riki just barely had time to snatch up the data pad before they were stepping into the living room. "Where are we going?"

"You will see."

Cal appeared with Iason's cloak and Riki's black leather jacket, then held the door for them and wished them a good evening as they stepped out towards the lift.

Iason did not speak until he was behind the wheel of his vehicle and Riki was seated beside him, the glow of the tablet illuminating his pet's face in the dark interior of the car. "Do you like it, pet?"

Riki flushed, cursed himself for getting carried away by his own curiosity and shut off the tablet. "I guess." He set it in the pocket of the door. "You still haven't told me why?"

"Why you like it?"

“Why do you have it? What do you want me to do with it?”

“I want you to have fun with it Riki. Is it not something you will enjoy?”

“Maybe.” Definitely, Riki thought. His mind and body was itching to be used for something other than sex. “But aren’t you worried I’ll use it to break out of here?”

Iason merged with the traffic on the Skyway. “Will you?”

Riki shrugged. He wouldn’t, because he had given his word, made this choice. But that didn’t stop him from thinking about it, and would it kill the Blondie to have a little doubt in his hold over him? He hated that Iason was so damn sure of himself.

“Where are we going?” he asked again.

“To a place I have heard about that serves very good food.”

“I won’t be on the menu, will I?”

Iason smiled. “Not until later.” He reached across and caressed Riki’s knee. “But we’ll have our desert at home.”

Riki relaxed a little. Did that mean he wouldn’t be put on display, as he so often was when they went out? He sat up a little straighter when he saw they were leaving Tangaura city limits, and felt a hot flash of both excitement and fear as he wondered, for the briefest of instants, if Iason was letting him go again.

However, he swallowed his disappointment as Iason pulled up to a posh looking restaurant twenty minutes, just inside the Midas zone. He sighed, stepped out, and allowed Iason to take his hand as they entered the establishment. They were escorted to a secluded, corner booth on the second level with a panel built into the middle of the table that served as a menu.

Riki slid in beside Iason, and kept a decent gap between them, but he knew the distance would not last.

“What are you hungry for?” Iason asked as his gloved fingers swiped over the selections on the panel.

“I don’t care.”

Riki was more interested in the atmosphere of the club than the food. There was a massive gold curtain towards the far wall on the lower level, as well as an assortment of other tables and booths. There were only four booths on their level, so this was obviously the VIP section.

Iason sat back, having selected food and drinks for both of them, and stretched his long arm across the back of the seat to pull Riki closer. “What do you think?”

Riki hated being touched in public, he wouldn’t even let Guy do that, but he supposed as long as his clothes were still on he’d bear with it. “Of what?” he retorted belligerently, needing to break free, at least a little, of his docility.

“This place.”

Again Riki shrugged. One place was as good as another, although he had to admit,

the vibe here felt different than the places in Tanagura. It was less oppressive and sexually charged and more comfortable and relaxing. “Better than the pet parties.”

“Yes.” Iason’s fingers gently stroked Riki’s bare arm. “I thought it would be a nice change for us. If you like it, we’ll come here more often.”

Riki glanced at him, suspicious. “Why?”

Iason signed, grabbed Riki by the hair and pulled him in for a deep, thorough kiss. “You are in a mood, I see.”

Riki was too busy trying to catch his breath to make a witty comeback, and when he did find something to say, Iason made him lose his train of thought by nibbling on his ear lobe. “Are you gonna fuck me here?”

“No. I told you, we'll do that at home.” He pulled Riki closer again and settled back against the seat as the lights lowered and the heavy curtain below slowly started to rise.

Instead of a sex show it was some sort of play, with the characters in outrageous costumes and makeup. It was utterly ridiculous one moment and movingly sad at the next. Riki, who had never seen such a performance in his life, found himself laughing out loud a few times, and uncomfortably moved at others.

After it was over, the few spectators in the club flicked the lights on their tables, to show their appreciation for the group and Iason lifted a hand towards their waiter.

"What did you think?"

Riki shrugged, unwilling to admit he had enjoyed it. "It was different."

Iason smiled. "It certainly was that, but did you enjoy it?" He had heard Riki laugh for the first time and it pierced his heart with sweetness. He wanted to hear that sound again, and again until he was full from it. It was almost as addicting as Riki's moans and cries when they were in bed.

"It was okay."

Iason tried not to sigh as the waiter returned to their table. His pet was so very stingy with his feelings, unless they were feelings of rage or unhappiness. He knew that Riki had been melancholy of late and had wanted to give him something fun to do, but it appeared his efforts were in vain.

A bowl containing a colorful sugary confection and cream was set down before Riki, and his eyes were immediately riveted to the two large berries, balanced on tall sticks, protruding from it.

“Are….is that…?” he began, sure that he must be mistaken.

“Yes, they are Sweteyn Berries.”

Riki’s eyes widened. Sweteyn Berries were extremely expensive, and often difficult to find as they were an Import to Amoï that only came twice a year from a planet so harsh that nothing else could survive on it, except for these special berries. Because of this, people used the Berries as a symbol of long life in annual cultural ceremonies. They were also used to symbolize a celebration of birth.

Iason whispered in Riki’s ear. “Joyful Birthday Riki.”

Riki froze, then whipped his head sideways to look at Iason. “W…what?”

Although Iason loathed to repeat himself, he made an exception this time. “Joyful Birthday.”

“Yo…I…Ho…”

“Today is you’re the day of your birth, is it not?”

How could Riki admit that he didn’t know? He had been left, as so many were, at the gates of Guardian when he was a toddler, without a certificate of age, or parental obligation. The medical personnel there had guessed him at around the age of three, but their opinion had been all he had to go on from then on. He had watched other people celebrate their Birthdays, but he never had, because he never knew when it was.

“How…do you know today is…my Birthday?”

Iason ran his fingers through Riki’s hair. “I had someone look into it. It took some time; you mongrels do not keep very accurate records.” He tugged lightly on Riki’s hair. “Since you seemed so insistent at not telling me when I asked you, I was left to my own devices to learn it.”

Riki was…touched that Iason had bothered. He couldn't tell Iason when his Birthday was, nor had he believed such a thing would be worth the Blondie’s time. He touched the rim of the bowl and noticed a slight tremble in his hand, he curled his fingers into a fist and dropped them onto his lap.

Today was his Birthday. Finally, he knew something about himself, something solid and real, and not just what he made up for himself.

“Pet?” Iason caught Riki’s chin, concerned that the youth had become so quiet.

Riki lowered his eyes, as they filled with moisture. “How…old am I?” he whispered.

Iason grew still, then cradled Riki's face between his hands and forced the young man to look at him. “Riki.” He saw the truth in those shimmering obsidian eyes and it left him breathless. The idea that Riki had not even been aware of his true age… it was astounding. “As of today, you are twenty-two years old.”

Riki blinked. The first thought that came to him was that the medical staff at Guardian had been off and he was actually two years older than he thought he was. It wasn’t much of a difference really, but somehow…it mattered. His second thought was what if he was now too old for Iason? It was one thing to be twenty, but twenty-two…Would it make a difference? Would today be their last night together? Was this a goodbye dinner?

He felt Iason’s fingers in his hair again, soothing this time.

“Will you not make your wish, pet?”

Riki closed his eyes and felt a tear leak out from one eyelids. Why was he so suddenly afraid? Wasn't this what he wanted, to be free? He had heard rumors of what sometimes happened to pets that had outlived their usefulness, but what would Iason do with him? Would he send him back to Ceres or…but unless Iason cancelled his registration he would still be seen as a pet and that would be bad, really bad. He couldn't go back to Ceres as a pet; it would be too humiliating. So then, did

Iason intend to sell him to a brothel? What the hell was going on?

What was wrong with him? Wouldn't any place be better than this? No, he realized; there were far worse places and far worse masters. He cringed inwardly at the thought, because he had fully accepted Iason Mink as his master and he hated it.

"Riki?"

A wish. What could he wish for? Freedom? To be with his friends again? To get out of Tanagura and no longer be a pet?" His eyes flickered open and he glanced at Iason. For Iason to keep him and not send him away?

The thought of never seeing the Blondie again caused a horrible tightening in Riki's chest. What was this, this feeling? Was it fear or…His gaze focused on Iason's face, even as the Blondie stroked his hair, and he knew that it wasn't fear. It was something entirely different. Holy shit!

He closed his eyes again, tightly, until he had regained his composure, then made a wish opened his eyes and reached for one of the sticks, he paused.

“You too.

Riki’s request was so soft that without Iason’s enhanced hearing he would never have heard it. Touched that Riki would include him, he nodded, closed his eyes and thought of a wish, then opened them again.

Riki selected a stick and slid the luscious berry into his mouth.

It was an old tradition, two berries on a stick, close your eyes and make a wish, then select one of the sticks and eat the berry. You had a fifty-fifty shot of your wish coming true; if you believed in that sort of thing. Then you were to give the second stick to someone who you cared for the most, giving them the same chance of getting their wish.

“Well done,” Iason whispered kindly as he ate his berry.

“Yeah.” Riki lifted his eyes to stare directly into the icy blues of the man beside him. Don't send me away, he screamed silently.

“What was your wish?” Iason asked, mildly, wondering if Riki had wished to be free of him.

“If I say it won’t come true,” Riki stated, quietly, near desperate now to believe in any power or magic.

When had this happened? When had he fallen for the Blondie who had taken over his life and taken away his choice? Was this feeling even possible between them, a mongrel and an Elite? He knew Iason was obsessed with him, but obsession was not the same as…He bit on his lip so hard he nearly drew blood.

“It might if you tell me." Iason gently pried Riki's lips apart with a gloved finger. "Don't do that pet." His finger stroked Riki's bitten lip, seductively. "Perhaps it is something I can give you.”

Riki heard the challenge in Iason’s voice, and refused to fall into that trap. “You can’t.”

“There is nothing I can’t do, Riki.” So the boy had wished for freedom. Damn, Iason had hoped they had gotten past that. “You will never know unless you ask.”

Again Riki started to chew on his lip and again Iason prevented it. "Are you…Are you sending me away?" Fuck! He hadn't meant to ask that! He hadn't meant to tip his hand and let Iason know he was worried about such a thing. Iason needed to think he hated being a pet, and he did, but…maybe not as much as he used to.

Iason blinked, startled. "Away? Away where?"

"Because I'm…I'm older than you thought." He was far too old to be a pet, even at twenty; but at twenty-two, well it was ridiculous.

Iason shook his head. "When will you understand, Riki? You are mine. I shall never tire of you or send you away."

The tightness in Riki's chest eased a bit and he cursed inwardly at his own cowardice. "But, I'm a man, not a boy. A man can't be kept as a pet and…"

Iason put a finger to Riki's lips to silence his words. "I care not if you are fifteen or fifty, Riki. I did not spend three years training you to toss you to the street simply because you have finished puberty."

"But…"

"There is no but. You are mine, now and always." Was this a ploy on Riki's part to bid for freedom yet again, or was as the mongrel finally coming to terms with his situation and their life together? Could Riki actually want to stay? "I shall never part from you."

Something akin to pleasure crawled through Riki, but he kept his face a stone mask. "You intend to keep me for fucking ever?"

"Yes." Iason chuckled at Riki's vulgarity. "For _fucking_ ever."

"Shit. What about when I'm too old to be fucked?"

Iason leaned in close. "We'll just have to see, won't we?"

Riki shivered. Iason intended to keep him for good. Why did that make him feel…relieved? He glanced down at his desert, his Birthday desert. He had a Birthday, and it was thanks to this Blondie that he now knew when that day was.

“Thank you, Iason.”

Iason’s heart filled with pleasure, it was the first time Riki had ever showed him any sort of gratitude. “You’re very welcome.” He leaned in to kiss Riki, delighted when, for the first time, his pet returned the gesture, and even wrapped his arms around Iason’s neck.

When they broke apart for air, Riki grew uncomfortable and put a little more distance between them, ashamed for letting himself get carried away; especially in public. He was grateful to Iason for doing this, but he couldn’t let his guard down. He had to remember who Iason was and why he was here.

“Eat your desert.”

Riki picked up his spoon and dipped it into the confection. It was horrifically sweet, not really to his taste, but he would eat it because Iason would expect him too.

“Is it good?”

“It’s sweet.”

Iason caught Riki’s hand as he lifted the spoon towards his mouth, and stole a taste. “Almost too sweet,” he decided. “Would you like something else instead?”

“No.” This was his first every Birthday Sundae, and regardless of the taste, he would eat every last bite of it.

Iason smiled and again ran his fingers through Riki's hair. "This has been an enjoyable evening. We should do this more often. Perhaps next time I shall take you to a casino. Do you like to gamble, pet?"

Who didn't like to gamble? " Mongrels aren't allowed in casinos. "He played with the desert, swirling the spoon around and around in it, then lifting it to his mouth and licking it clean, before glaring at Iason. "Neither are pets."

"They're allowed, they’re just not permitted to play." Iason could feel himself growing hard, and suddenly wished he was Riki's spoon. "I know of a place that will allow it if I tell them so, if you are interested in going?"

Riki shrugged and repeated his action with his Birthday desert, not at all surprised with Iason cupped his neck and pulled him in for a kiss, plundered his mouth and left him breathless.

"Enough." Iason rose and Riki quietly followed, hiding the small smirk that started to form on his lips. "I am ready for my desert."

"Actually, I feel a little sick after eating that, maybe I should just take some medicine and lay down for…" The remainder of his words were unheard as Iason tugged him, not out of the club and to his car, but through a curtain behind them and up a set of stairs to a private room where a large bed stood center stage.

Iason practically tossed Riki onto the bed. "Undress. Now."

"What? Here?" Riki sat up. "I thought we were going home?"

"It will take too long." Iason already had half of his clothes off and reached down to grab Riki by the shirtfront. "Take them off, Riki."

Riki undressed and seconds later Iason was on him, like a starving beast. Where was the usually cool and slightly aloof Blondie who was always in control?

"Does this place not remind you of the first day we met?" Iason asked as tweaked Riki's nipples and slid a finger inside his pet until Riki was writhing beneath him. "It was destiny, our meeting; the day you offered yourself to me so freely."

"It was…" Riki gritted his teeth and arched as Iason added a second finger and tried to regain some kind of control over his body. "Wasn't intended to be…forever just…uhhh….just once." He gasped as Iason took him into his mouth. "Haa! Why….Why couldn't you …mmmmm…just…just…" Coherent thought left him, as it so often did and he was lost to the sensations that Iason created within him.

So good! Iason made him feel so fucking good and he both hated and loved it. Whether it was his training or Iason's skill the simple fact was that Riki had never felt this way with anyone else. He despised being a pet and living in Tanagura, but he loved the way Iason could practically make him come with just a single touch. If he had the chance to be free he would take it, without hesitation,

but right now he wasn't free and where was the harm in enjoying the comforts and the sensations that Iason offered him?

When Iason entered him cried out in release, unaware that the Blondie had even loosened his pet ring to allow it, but almost instantly he felt it tightening again around his cock and knew that it would be sometime before he would gain release again.

"You feel so good pet," Iason whispered as he slowly thrust in and out of the mongrel's lithe, young body. "Being inside of you is the best sensation in the world."

Riki, surprised by the tenderness in Iason's words, slid his arms around his master's neck, more to brace himself than as a show of affection. "M….maybe from you…your point of v…view."

Iason smiled, he knew when Riki was giving into the pleasure and his pet was most definitely feeling it, but he also understood that the mongrel side of him had to rebel a little, even if it was just for show. "And what a lovely view it is," he agreed.

Riki was panting now and on the verge of exploding with need. "N…now?" he gasped, asking for release.

"Not yet."

Riki moaned, then gasped as Iason hit that one delicious spot inside him and continued to do so with each thrust. "God! God! Please, I…I need to come!"

"Not yet."

Mother fucker! Why did he have to get captured by a Blondie with such stamina? He was startled when Iason suddenly rolled them over so that Riki straddled him.

"Show me, pet. Show me how badly you want it."

Riki didn't hesitate, he started to move, riding Iason with a needful fury, and gasping as the Blondie started to stroke him as well. "So deep! God…please…Let me come!"

"Soon, Riki." Iason was enthralled by the expressions his pet made when in the throes of passion and was loathe to have it end.

"H…hurts! Iason, it hurts!"

"A little more."

"No…no more…"

"Yes, pet. More."

Riki slapped his hands on Iason's chest to brace himself and tried to move even faster, causing Iason to plunge into him harder and deeper than before. So close! He was so close! "P…please!"

Iason could feel his own orgasm building and released Riki's cock so he could turn his ring. "Now, Riki."

They both arched against each other as they came together in a blinding fusion of

pleasure.

Riki collapsed atop Iason, breathless, even as he wondered how many more times they would do it that evening. Iason slid him over onto his side, so that he could spoon behind him, with one hand on his chest the other at his hip. For whatever reason Iason seemed to enjoy the heaving way Riki's chest rose and fell after sex.

"I'll let you rest for awhile," Iason whispered as he pulled the covers over them. As a final gift on Riki's Birthday. "My lovely twenty- two year old."

Riki's lips twitched into a smile, before he fell off to sleep.

End file.